

Halloween, After Death

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Summary: Halloween after Laurie's death. Not anywhere near finished yet.

1. Default Chapter

Chapter 1

It was the day before Halloween. John looked through the newspaper clippings about his mother. She was dead. He was going to visit her grave on Halloween. She was killed by her brother on Halloween. It had been a year since she was murdered. All of his friends had been murdered, all but Molly.

John hadn't spoken to Molly since his mother died. She was a reminder of all that had happened. They had faced Micheal Myers together one Halloween. His mother knew Micheal Myers would be back. John wondered if he would be back this year, he had succeeded in what he wanted to do all along. He had killed his sister.

Would he ever die? John was getting more depressed. He hated Micheal. Micheal had ruined his life and his ability to interact with others. He had become anti social towards everyone. He disconnected himself from everyone he had once cared about. He punched the table. "Micheal Myers, I'm going to get my life back, I'm going to take yours."

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

John smoked while driving. He had recently started smoking. He had reached where he was driving to. Dr. Loomis had a relative that John wanted to talk to. He walked up the driveway and into the front steps. He got to the doorway and knocked on the door. He wanted nervously, and wondered if what he was doing was sane.

A thousand questions went through his brain. He wondered if she would help him, or if she even knew anything about Micheal Myers at all. He heard someone moving towards the door. A minute later the door opened. "Hi, are you Sarah Loomis?" "Yes, who are you?" "I'm John, Laurie Myer's son, I want to talk to you about Micheal Myers."

Sarah stepped aside and let John in. "I really don't know how I can help you, I'm not-", "I know you're not him," John interrupted. "I just want to see if there's anyway you can help me." Sarah went to another room for a minute and then returned with a file. "This is Micheal Myers's file that my uncle kept. I haven't looked through it so I don't know how I can help you."

"Is there anything he's ever told you about Micheal Myers?" He looked directly into her eyes. "He said Micheal Myers had the devil's eyes. Black, evil." "That's all? That can't be all, he's helped my mother and other people so many times that can't be it." "I'm sorry but that's all." He thought she seemed to be hiding something.

He started to leave with his file. "John, wait, I'm going to help you," she grabbed his arm. "He killed my uncle, I hate him." "No, you might just get hurt." She begged and pleaded and wouldn't take no for an answer. "Alright, just be at Micheal's house, tomorrow."

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

John switched on the radio. He was greeted by a female voice, "Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream." He switched it off. His mother had always hated that song. He drove to his destination in silence. He got out of the car and threw the remains of his cigarette on the ground. He was a little nervous. He hadn't seen her in a year.

He knocked on her front door. She glanced out the window. A look of surprise covered her face. "John?" she asked as she opened the screen door. "What are you doing here? I haven't seen you in a year." If she was going to say anything else she couldn't, his lips were on hers and they were in an embrace. She could smell his cologne. She remembered how things used to be.

She pulled herself away from him. "Why are you here?" "I just wanted to tell you bye." "You're a year late." "I meant if I don't survive." "Survive what?" "Micheal." He had a crazy look in his eyes and she didn't know how to respond to that. "Are you out of your mind, John?"

"Molly, I have to do this, maybe if you were in my place you would understand. He killed my mother." He started to walk back to his truck. Molly ran after him and grabbed his arm. "John, I love you, if you are going after Micheal I want to be with you. I don't want you to face him alone, I don't want you to die, John." "You want to die too?" Her eyes filled with tears. He stuck another cigarette into his mouth and mumbled, "Get in the truck."

Molly stopped for a minute. Did she really want to risk her life? Of course she did, she loved John. She got in the truck and didn't look back as they drove away.

End
file.